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P96

# Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING JUNE 17, 1916  
PRICE TEN CENTS

Stephen Leacock, Carl Sprinchorn,  
James Huneker, Charles Hanson Towne,  
Ralph Barton, Boardman Robinson,  
Richard Le Gallienne



Painted by Everett Shinn

ROCK-A-BYE BABY, ON THE TREE TOP

Puck



Some Bears  
by Rolf Armstrong



Watchful Weighting  
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The Latest in Evening Gowns  
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PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
210 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



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by Harry Morse Meyers



Flowers That Bloom in the Spring—  
by F. Earl Christy



The Serenade  
by B. Wennerberg









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### A Welcome Summer Visitor

Remember those rainy summer Mondays  
when you didn't know what to do with  
yourself — too wet for tennis or golf, guests  
all grumpy and an atmosphere exuding  
gloom?

What if the postman had left Puck at  
your door one of those mornings? Wouldn't  
it have swung wide the gates of good cheer?

Just before you lock the back door this  
summer and turn the cat over to the kind-  
hearted neighbor who has already agreed to  
keep the canary and guard your premises  
against burglars, pin a dollar bill to your  
card or letter head, scribble on it your  
summer address and mail it to Puck.

In return for this slight attention, we  
will religiously mail you Puck so as to reach  
you every Monday morning for the next  
thirteen weeks — an ominous interval, by  
the way, which has proved to be extremely  
lucky for the several thousand new readers  
who have learned to love Puck during its  
probationary period.

### The Baseball PUCK

On July 22 — put a red mark opposite  
the date *now* — Puck brings out an un-  
usual tribute to the very clever business  
men who amuse us during the heated season  
by tossing a small white sphere before  
several thousand frantic spectators.

All of Puck's satirists, aided and abetted  
by those artists who have a little leisure  
between trips to the Polo Grounds, are  
hard at work over their impressions of the  
national game. You will see it all in the  
**BASEBALL PUCK** — the best special number  
of the summer season.

Naturally, the only sure way of getting so  
good an issue is to order it well in advance  
from your newsdealer.

Approved by Dr.  
Harvey W. Wiley,  
Director of Good  
Housekeeping  
Bureau of Foods,  
Sanitation and  
Health.

## Splitting Headaches— For No Reason At All

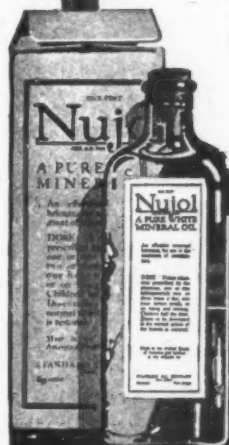
**T**HESE puzzling headaches are due frequently to  
intestinal absorption of toxic substances (auto-  
intoxication) *without apparent constipation.*

Nujol is particularly valuable in such cases, because it  
has the property of absorbing and removing the intes-  
tinal toxins, besides giving safe and effective relief in  
most cases of periodic and chronic constipation.

Nujol is not a purge nor a laxative. It acts in effect  
as a mechanical lubricant. It prevents the intestinal  
contents from becoming hard and so facilitates the  
normal processes of evacuation.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only in  
pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the Nujol  
trademark. If your druggist does not carry Nujol,  
accept no substitute. We will send a pint bottle pre-  
paid to any point in the United States on receipt of  
75c.—money order or stamps.

Write for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of  
Constipation." Address Dept. 42.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(NEW JERSEY)

Bayonne

New Jersey

**Nujol**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



### "Deliberately Friendly"

A charming den picture  
in full color, on heavy plate  
paper, size 11 x 14, sent to  
any address, carefully protect-  
ed and all ready  
for framing for **25c**

in Stamps

PUCK Publishing Corporation,  
210 Fifth Ave., New York



Her Father—"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"  
 Lover—"No-o, sir."  
 Her Father—"Then take her, young man. I was afraid you thought you could."

John Jones was sick. There was no mistake about that, and the doctor said, as he got better, he had to take things by small quantities at a time.

"I'm hungry," said John, one day.

So the attending nurse brought him half a glass of water and a cracker.

"This is awful," said John. "You'll starve me to death if you don't give me something to eat."

"But," said the doctor, "you must take things by small quantities. I don't want you to strain yourself."

"All right," answered the patient. "Gimme a postage stamp. I want to read."

Simpson had a way of dunning himself when he met Jackson, to whom he was indebted for the loan of a \$10 bill.

"Don't say a word about that ten I owe you," said Simpson. "I intend to pay you that money some day when you don't expect it."

"Listen, old man," whispered Jackson, "don't let that delay you for a moment. I never expect it."



"Mister, will you please press this flower for us?"

GUIDE IN ART GALLERY: This one painting alone is worth \$50,000.

RURALITE: Does that include the frame?

## You'll Like These Biscuit Bon-Bons

Hydrox—a generous layer of vanilla cream, between two delicate chocolate wafers. A rich, delicious wafer-confection is Hydrox.

# Sunshine

## Biscuits

That you may know the irresistible goodness of these rare Sunshine creations, send ten cents (to cover postage and packing) for the

### Sunshine Revelation Box

which includes a variety of 14 Sunshine Dainties. Ask your dealer for Sunshine Biscuits. You'll like them.

In each package of Takhoma Biscuit is a paper doll in colors. Other packages of Sunshine Biscuits contain pretty dresses for her. See list in Takhoma package.

**LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY**  
 Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits  
 817 Thomson Ave., L.I.C.  
 New York



## Fine for Mixed Drinks

A MIXED drink depends for its flavor on the goodness of its ingredients.

### Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

blends excellently with other liquors making it invaluable for mixed drinks. Possesses a distinctive flavor and a rare aromatic bouquet that serves to enrich cocktails and other mixtures. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

**A. OVERHOLT & CO.**  
 Pittsburgh, Pa.



## After Golf

or any sport or severe physical exertion, massage the muscles with Absorbine, Jr. Leading athletes do. They know how quickly Absorbine, Jr. limbers up the stiff muscles and joints, stops inflammation and prevents the usual "next-day" soreness.

## Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Is more than a liniment—it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. This doubles its efficiency and its uses.

The first game of golf or tennis, the first of the season's out-of-doors sports, does not claim its toll of sore limbs when the muscles are rubbed down with Absorbine, Jr. When applied to cuts, bruises, sores and wounds it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptic and promotes rapid healing.

Acts promptly in allaying pain and reducing sprains and wrenches.

Economical and convenient to use—only a few drops required at an application. Fragrant and refreshing. Absorbine, Jr. is made of pure herbs—non-poisonous and safe to use anywhere.

Absorbine Jr., \$1.00 a bottle at most druggists or delivered.

**A Liberal Trial Bottle** will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps.  
**W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.,** 365 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

## \$-Old Coins Wanted-\$

\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of U. S. and Foreign Coins. Keep ALL money dated before 1896 and send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 6x7, showing Guaranteed prices. Get Posted as it may mean your Fortune. **CLARKE COIN CO.,** Box 47, LeRoy, N. Y.

**This Summer** have PUCK sent you regularly by accepting the offer on page 22.



# CURES FOR THE EVILS OF SOCIETY

Sketches by Ethel Plummer

Cures by Pendleton King



To deter the little man from dancing with the statuesque blonde—Girls five feet eight and over should be compelled to wear periscopes on their left shoulders, through which a little man would be able to see how to guide. This hint will be found quite effective in relieving society of one of its worst evils.



To confuse the person who sings too loud in church—Agents should be distributed through the congregation to spot and make note of such persons. Then doctored or phony hymnals should be deposited in their pews, with the numbers of the hymns written in

Roman numerals. This causes them intense confusion, and usually leaves the rest of the congregation to enjoy the first two or three verses of each hymn from the choir.



To cure the big man of sitting in the little gold chair—A hostess should contrive, by a system of concave mirrors arranged in her drawing room, to make her little gold chair appear elsewhere in the room than where it is as a matter of fact is. Thus the illusion and effect of a little gold chair is retained and the chair at the same time not imperiled. After attempting once or twice to sit in these mirages the largest men will give up their belief in little gold chairs.

To discourage married couples quarreling at bridge—As soon as the first harsh word has been said, a gong should be sounded, the room cleared and an umpire appointed. If taken in time a situation can very often be passed off as a joke in this way, which would have ended in a painful scene.



To reprove persons who tell the plot of the play—Girl ushers, in pretty costumes, should be stationed in all theatre entrances to provide megaphones to people who have been before. This is another effective hint.



To correct the lady who will not see that the dish is being handed to her at dinner—There should be a time limit set, at the expiration of which, if she has not yet helped herself, she should be IT, and have to get up and hand the dish.



To restrain the young man in the middle of the row from going out every entr'acte—There should be an authoritative looking person seated on the stage in front of the curtain, of whom members of the audience should have to obtain permission to leave their seats, raising their right hands and saying: "Please, may I go out?" There seems to be a humiliation attached to this which acts as a great check.



With the whole world setting its clock ahead, the man who cried, "Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Your Flight," seems hopelessly out-of-date. In New York, the save-an-hour movement has got as far as the Borough President's office, and the tax-payer rejoices to learn that there is to be a saving somewhere at last. The ideal clock for city offices, however, would be one which gained an hour toward quitting time, and lost it again by 9 the next morning.

Lloyd George has been given the job of settling the Irish muddle. Whenever England has a particularly irksome and thankless task, it lets George do it.

The affections of Alfred E. Spall were valued at six cents by a jury before Supreme Court Justice Crane in Brooklyn yesterday. —Local item.

In the Spring a jury's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

"There was a time when I was opposed to Mr. Roosevelt for obvious reasons. The whole country has a saner view upon those issues now, and the Colonel with the rest."

—Chancellor Day.

A modest way of saying that the United States has come around to old Dr. Day's viewpoint.

Odd, isn't it, that no one has thought to combine the two, and hold a Shakespeare-Preparedness Parade.

Quoth E. H. Sothern in his farewell speech: "People — poor people, common people — want Shakespeare's plays. They love them." Unquestionably. The rows and rows of vacant seats, wherever Charlie Chaplin is advertised to appear, prove that the public is hungry for something really classic.

Ten local slaughter-house proprietors are under arrest for bribing Health Department inspectors to stamp "Inspected and Passed" on beef from diseased cattle. Which reminds us that just ten years ago this month the Pure Food and Drug Act was passed. Doubtless, the idea is to celebrate the tenth anniversary in a fitting manner.

The whereabouts of Villa continues to remain a mystery. Possibly — we merely hint at the notion — he has joined forces with that other mysteriously disappeared Latin American, the Hon. Cipriano Castro. Pancho and Cip could do "a power of good in this world," as Long John Silver used to say.

Lloyd George lately told a deputation of employers that the need of war munitions is so pressing that British munition workers must work on holidays. The rest of the world would like to know what the British are doing with all that ammunition. They aren't shooting much of it.



**Her Hat Is in the Ring Also**  
The women's political party holds a convention in Chicago

"The nations of the world have become each other's neighbors," said President Wilson in a recent speech. True; and the boundary-lines, for the most part, are spite-fences.

The "tired business man" may now add from one to two hours to his working day by dictating to a phonograph nicely adjusted in the automobile which takes him to and from his office. Summer resort proprietors will soon advertise in their list of attractions: "Smooth roads, admirably suited to dictation."

"The lesson of the world war is that peace must depend on a new and more wholesome diplomacy."

—President Wilson.

One having relatively few "scraps of paper" about it.

"I never say anything that I am not ready and willing to back up."

—T. R.

So? Well, on November 9, 1904, a person whose initials are the same made this interesting statement: "The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept another term."



**"Where is my wandering army to-night?"** Drawn by Nelson Greene

"America makes the very best cars in the \$1,000 class and under. America has a great start in quantity production over the other countries, and try as they will, they must remain a lap behind for a long time."

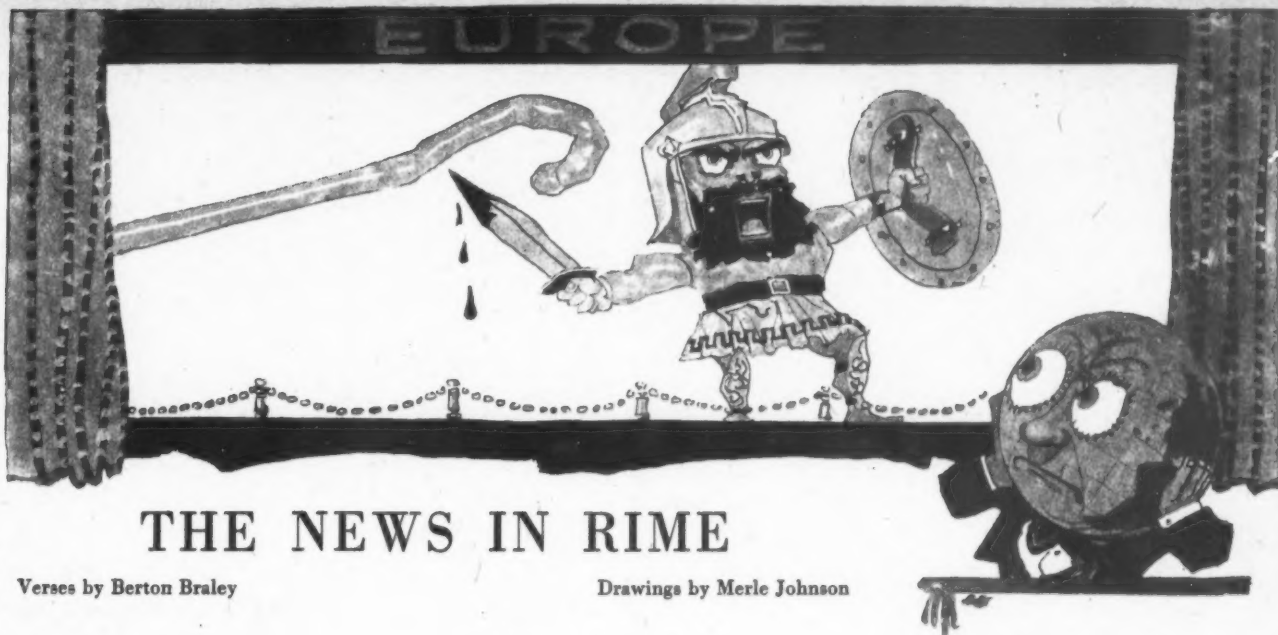
—Harry Ford of Detroit.

By all means, then, let the Republicans urge a prohibitive tariff upon all foreign-made cars so that America may be "saved" from the "ruinous competition" of Europe.

A man in Birmingham, Ala., has a piece of hard-tack which was served out at Gettysburg. The last time we met that piece of hard-tack (in a Sunday newspaper) it was residing in Madison, Wis.

The housefrau who goes to the butcher's without her ticket gets no meat in Berlin these days. The veteran Chinese laundry joke: "No tickce, no shirtee," has expanded into a grimly serious fact since the war began.





## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

From Mascot to Matty  
The Giants went batty,  
And battily batted that ball  
Till, last time we counted,  
Their victories mounted  
To — look at the record, that's all!

Doc Waite is convicted  
He proved, as depicted,  
A smiling-faced monster of guilt  
Who told, with rich unction  
And scanty compunction,  
Of how he had poisoned and "kilt."

The Russians are stemming  
The Turks who were hemming  
The British about in their lair  
In Asia. Hey, stripling,  
Please page Mr. Kipling  
Who once wrote 'The Truce of the Bear.'



The Sotherns have ended  
Their stage career splendid,  
With laurel-crowned heads they retire;  
But ART will not perish,  
Charles Chaplin will cherish  
The precious Promethean fire!

Come on, get your swatter,  
That anti-health plotter —  
The Musca Domestica's here.  
A beast of ill omen  
Whose other cognomen  
Is "house fly" — he comes every year.

"Jim" Hill has departed  
This life. Though he started  
With nothing, he builded out west  
An Empire. Old Titan,  
May grave mould rest light on  
Thy body that goes to its rest!

Shoe prices are rising  
Which isn't surprising  
With everything else on the climb,  
With skirt bottoms higher  
'Twas sure to transpire  
That footwear would follow, in time.

In style diplomatic  
But very emphatic  
We've written John Bull in detail  
To make him stop stopping  
Our vessels, and copping  
Their cargoes and reading our mail!



It's hard to distinguish  
The plan of the English,  
They claim to have soldiers galore;  
We hate to abuse 'em  
But, why don't they use 'em —  
Why don't they get into the war?

There's rumor of new boats,  
Gargantuan "U-Boats,"  
Which Germany'll send over here  
To aid and refresh us  
With cargoes most precious  
Of dye stuffs and Pilsener beer.

Perhaps — it is hinted —  
When these rimes are printed  
You'll know whom the G. O. P. chose,  
Which leaves but this question  
To give brain congestion,  
"Well, can he beat Wilson?" — Who  
knows?





—Drawn by Boardman Robinson

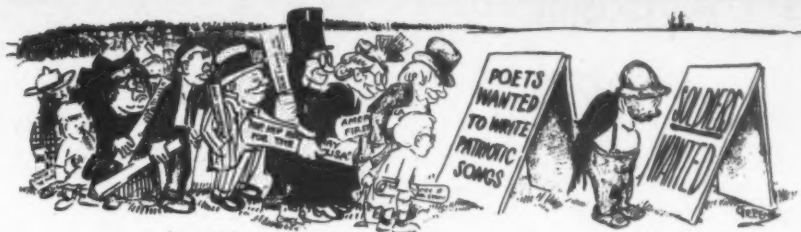
THE OLD GANG: "Things have come to a pretty pass."





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VOL. LXXIX No. 2050  
WEEK ENDING JUNE 17, 1916



### The Democratic Convention

**T**HE pilgrimage of the delegates to the Democratic National Convention this year is somewhat in the nature of a National Joy Ride.

The nominee for President already has been selected by the unanimous will of the rank and file.

The platform, which, inevitably, will be a record of the administration's achievements and a promise of progressive continuance along the same lines, will write itself.

This year, as in 1912, the Democratic party has nothing to blush for — except the Republican party.

President Wilson has more than justified the expectations of his party and the fears of the opposition, which is the same thing. Without brag or bluster; without the aid of a corporation lawyer; without a khaki make-up and without brandishing a "Big Stick" he has solved with gratifying success the problems that threatened the honor and security of the nation. He has kept faith with his party and with the people.

**T**HE Hamiltonian system of finance — of the bankers, by the bankers, for the bankers — has been stood upon its head and for the first time in the history of the country the United States has a scientific financial system with the government and not the banks in control.

The tariff schedule has been revised until now it is a business document instead of a letter of marque and reprisal.

"Big Business" is still doing big business — but honestly — with more hours in the office and counting-room and fewer in the criminal courts.

In moral and material and military strength America is greater than ever. If we are not feared abroad we are respected, which is more satisfactory.

With the candidate named and the platform practically written in advance, there would seem too little left for the delegates to do except to ratify the expressed popular will.

### Corporate Naiveté

**W**E welcome the Bethlehem Steel Company's advent into the ranks of national advertisers. Mr. Schwab doesn't want Uncle Sam to build a Federal armor-plate plant, so he takes the shortest cut to state his objections to the public.

"Even though the making of armor is unprofitable," reads one of Mr. Schwab's advertisements, "we have invested over \$7,000,000 in our armor plant."

This doesn't sound like Mr. Carnegie's astute protégé. Surely, he wouldn't have us believe that he expended \$7,000,000 merely to cover a vacant piece of real-estate in his plant.

There must have been some very excellent reason for the erection of the Bethlehem Steel Company's armor plant, and the most compelling reason in the corporate ken is profit. It must be thrilling to engage in an unprofitable business that shoots its stock up to \$600 a share.

Think of the quotation if you happened to make a profit!

### Peace With a String to It.

**P**ERSISTENT rumors of a desire for peace continue to come from German sources. That the sound-reasoning people of Germany desire a cessation of hostilities is no longer doubted in any well-informed quarter.

Are they to be denied their wish by their military masters? It is the folks back home now who are making their voice heard. Their resources are being sapped to keep an army in the trenches. Their women and children are beginning to feel the pinch. The Hohenzollern picture of war, dangled before their eyes for a generation, has lost its glamor.

But it seems that the Kaiser must bluster even in talking about peace. His "feeler" contains this ominous paragraph:

"No offers of mediation or attempts to pave the way to peace negotiations can be entertained for a moment by Germany which seek to take into account who is to blame for the outbreak of the war."

This sounds strangely like a twinge of guilty conscience. "You may talk to me about peace," says William Hohenzollern, "but you must not say I started the war."

This isn't Germany speaking. The people of the Fatherland want to return to the pursuits of peace, just as the people of the Allied countries desire to throw down their arms; and they will in due course place the responsibility for the two-year holocaust upon the guilty shoulders.

The Kaiser may drag a red herring across the trail at the outset, but he will in the end bow to the wish of his people. If they want peace, they will get peace, and the dynasty that seeks to tyrannize over a sorely misled nation will give way before a greater, freer Germany.



—Drawn by Boardman Robinson

THE OLD GANG: "Things have come to a pretty pass."



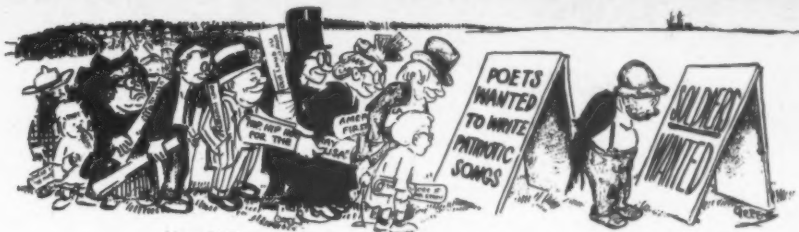


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"Why do you cover up your face, my dear?"  
"Oh I am so ashamed of myself in these latest dresses!"

### The Democratic Candidate

by Samuel Smiley

Woodrow Wilson is the youngest son of "the Mother of Presidents," who seems never to have heard of race suicide or birth control.

He was discovered by Col. George Harvey; also by Wm. F. McCombs; also by ex-Senator "Jim" Smith of New Jersey. Nearly everybody else had known all about him for years.

He is about the same age as the Colonel, although you would never think it after hearing the Colonel talk.

Mr. Wilson has never had to announce himself as an American in order to pass for one.

As an orator, he ranks somewhere between Demosthenes and D. Webster. As a political stump speaker he is handicapped by the fact that he never appears on the stump in khaki or spurs.

He is noted as a phrase-maker, one peculiarity of his phrases being that they are not found in the works of earlier writers and speakers.

He is the author of that popular phrase "America First," of which the Colonel has since become the author.

He is an A. B., an A. M., a Litt. D. and an LL.D., which gives him quite an ad-

vantage over the fellows who have only the degrees of D. F. and A. S. S.

At the time of his election to the presidency he had no qualification for the office except his experiences as a writer of history, a teacher of the sciences of politics and government, the head of a great institution of learning and the world's record as chief executive of a great state. He had none of the vital qualifications, however, never having been a police commissioner or a cowboy.

While he could not rank as a naturalist he is the owner of one of the largest and finest collections of goats in the country.

Since he became president it has become harder and harder for a Republican to be true to his party and his country at the same time.

He has never found it necessary to call anybody a "liar" in order to let him know he differs with him.

He can praise America without insulting every other country on earth.

He has been criticized for keeping Josephus Daniels in the Cabinet, but after recalling "Charlie" Bonaparte, Geo. von Lengerke Meyer, Truman H. Newberry and "Vic" Metcalfe as secretaries of the Navy there is no good reason why anybody should continue to feel badly about it.

As a letter-writer he has won considerable success. References: The Kaiser and the Court of St. James's, if the Zeppelins haven't got there yet.

Although he never won a Nobel peace prize or a life-saving medal, he is a peaceable man—if let alone—and he has rescued the language of political discussion from the environment of the street corner and the sagebrush and restored it to Literature.

If the average citizen should describe the kind of man he thinks would make an ideal president he would probably have the composite embodiment of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, although he would be infringing the Colonel's copyright on Washington and Lincoln.

The latest dispatches from St. Louis are: "Wilson"—you know the rest.

Patrick Harmon walked backwards from Seattle to New York because somebody said he couldn't do it. It is possible, as time passes, to understand Harry Thaw's objections to being confined in an asylum simply because he committed a murder.



No, they are not sweethearts; the car was crowded when they sat down.

The Battle of Verdun is coming out as a serial.

The Castle family is keeping up its high average. Of course, Vernon hasn't exactly decimated the Germans as yet, but Mrs. Castle recently danced before the Queen of England.

In a recent art exhibition, three paintings were hung upside down. Connoisseurs and devotees came and went, admired and wondered, yet not one of them discovered the mistake. Yet we doubt not that when the mistake was finally found, each one of them was willing to admit to a coterie of admiring lesser lights that he had really known it all the time but had preferred to remain silent.

How righteous is the wrath of orthodox Republicans when a Democratic president dares mention the "full dinner pail." Shall so porcine an issue be allowed to becloud the idealism of the approaching campaign? Anathema (when placed in the mouth of the enemy) is the slogan which carried the Grand Old Party to glorious victory in the good old days of Mark Hanna—in 1900 and 1904, and (whisper) even in the unregenerate year of 1908.



Unmarried Young Woman (who called for help): "Go away. You're not the man!"

Drawn by Calvert



## Chats with the Duchess

II

"The last thing that an actor ever sees," remarked the Duchess, "is a programme of the play he is in. They talk about the joy of having one's name in electric bulbs outside a theatre; but does the star ever see it? No! he goes in at another entrance, generally before daylight dies. He seldom passes the main door, except on an afternoon when there is no matinee; and to see one's name on an unlit electric sign is about as interesting as sitting by a radiator in Summer, or as thrilling as having a bag of peanut shells handed to you!"

I listened, wondering what the point was going to be. I didn't get it. I had to ask.

"Oh, I forgot!" replied the Duchess, sipping her tea, for I had taken her to Sherry's. A handsome actor went out, as she spoke, and her eyes followed him. I felt a certain pity for him, since he did not know that those wonderful eyes were staring at his profile. "He reminded me, of course, of the theatre. But what I really wanted to get over was—well, it's hard to say it, for it will make you even more conceited than you are—you and I are as close as the actor and the play, yet I've never seen your handwriting; I've never got a handbill from you. Don't you ever write letters to the women you love?"

"I don't love women. I love a woman," I answered, bromidically, forgetting that every lover since the world began had probably told one woman that identical thing. "Besides, I'm never away from you long enough to make a letter—even a telegram—necessary!" I was growing so bromidic that it made me mad; but it made the Duchess even madder.

"Rubbish!" she said. "Lots of men have told me that. But the experienced way in which they've said it made me know better. Isn't my name in electric lights on your heart? Aren't you ever going to let me see the flame?"

"Well, well!" I said, a bit rattled, for I had thought I was the most ardent of lovers, "must I turn on the switch in the daytime?"

"Certainly! just to see if the current's working. There might be a letter missing by evening, you know. So many lovers, like theatres, are careless. One seldom sees a perfect electric sign; just as one seldom finds a perfect lover. I hate those moth-eaten, the-e-is-dropped-as-in-Mrs.-Fisk signs; and I hate a moth-eaten —"

"Good Lord! You're not going to call me a moth-eaten lover, are you?"

"Not yet; but very soon, my dear. You aren't demonstrative enough to suit any woman—much less me!"

"Isn't your tea all right?" I asked; for, being a mere man, I didn't understand her mood.

"Yes; but you aren't. You're as poky as all the rest of them!"

I was dumbfounded. Here was a new Duchess.

"Come, let's go out," I said. "The air is like wine. A little walk will do us both good. Maybe the Avenue will wake me up."

As we went out into the twilight, the Duchess grasped my arm.

"See!" she said.

I looked over at the little French theatre. The electric bulbs in front of it were twinkling, in a haphazard sort of way.

"How wonderful the French people are—in war, and in art, and in love!" sighed the Duchess. "Wouldn't you know that they would be just as eager to flirt in the afternoon as in the evening? You must light up, Gregory, if you want to keep my heart."

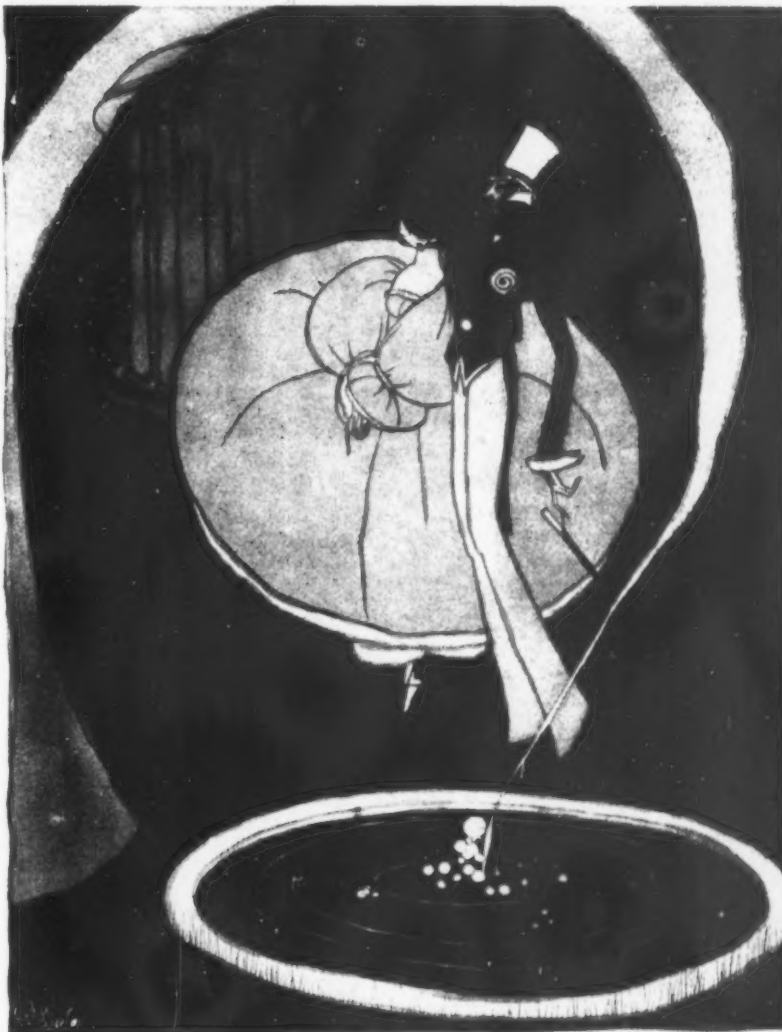
## Croesus's Start

Croesus hung up his ermine mantle and flung his diamond-studded cane into a corner.

"Anything in the mail?" he yawned.

The royal private secretary glanced over his notes.

"The Egyptian Land Title Company offers a sure eighty-per-cent proposition, your majesty!"



Drawn by Ralph Barton

## SUMMER NIGHT

"They're only experimenting," I said.

"But Americans don't even do that," she answered. "No one would see you if you pressed my hand—dear."

"No; for the reason"—and I nudged her as two young lovers loitered by—"that everyone else would be so busy doing the same thing! We Americans aren't so bad!" And I pressed her hand.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

## A Clean Sheet

PORTLY WOMAN (pushing her way into a police station): I see you have arrested a man whose mind is a blank.

OFFICER: We have, Madam.

PORTLY WOMAN: Then please bring him out so I may have a look at him. My Henry didn't come home last night, and that's a fairly good description of him.

"Eighty per cent!" snorted Croesus.

"What do they take me for, a huckster?"

"The Delphic oracles would like to be financed in a prophecy-by-mail scheme. They guarantee you a million in a year."

"A year! Bah!"

"Nabonidos of Babylon and Cyrus of Persia are on the outs, and they're each in need of bows and arrows, lances, armor—"

"Close with them both!" cried Croesus, and his ennuied eyes lit up. "Contract to supply munitions for both sides—all they'll take. At last! At last! At last!"

Out in Wausau, Wis., lightning struck a dwelling house, entered a bedroom and shattered the bed-posts, but did not waken the family. If Wausau is a wise community it will establish and advertise a sanitarium for insomnia victims.



# THE SEVEN ARTS

## BY JAMES HVNEKER

### *The Calomel Club*

It was not without fear and trembling that young Hekatomb, called "Hek" for short, had accepted the proposition of Philkins to join the Calomel Club; a club entirely composed of critics. Philkins, however, was obdurate, so Hek was put up for membership and, of course, was blackballed; indeed, the only white ball was cast by Philkins, and he did that as a matter of courtesy. Well, what could Hek expect! Fresh from the hinterland he had had the presumption to write on a variety of topics in the "Galosh Gazette" and saving a few dollars he came to town full of hopes, vanity, and Yankee pie. It took him just three days to get a position on "The Canned Music Curriculum," a journal that was published three times a month, and once the other month. His salary to begin with was nothing, but his mordant pen soon brought him recognition, and by industriously cultivating the acquaintance of the principal musical and dramatic critics, he was allowed the privilege of attending to the small-fry concerts, while his elders sat in adjacent cafés and condescendingly corrected his "copy" as they sipped their drinks. Ah! those were happy days for Harry Hekatomb.

### *The Gang*

There was Jetsam, a tall, lanky man, who wrote about music as a fellow would saw pine knots out Maine way. Then Flotsam, he was a funny fellow. He hated music and abused every concert or opera that he attended. He was short, fat, gurgled when he laughed, but was vitriolic when he wrote. Slumpkins was the idealist of the party. He hated the classics, raved only over modern composers, was very ugly and was an anti-Semite. Nevertheless his chum, Aronstein, was of the chosen race — the "choosing" race, he named it — though the two fought like fiends every night. And there was dear old Philkins, who wore whiskers and never had an opinion. One bond united the gang: they all loved rum and hated the music of Johannes Brahms. Secretly I suspect that Philkins loved the Viennese composer (from Hamburg); but he was too proud a man to acknowledge his weakness. He was fond of such phrases as "esprit de corps," "noblesse oblige," and whatever the boys said was law to him. Altogether it was as mild a band of critical sluggers and sandbaggers as ever scuttled a new symphony or made a singer walk the gangplank. Yet principle prevailed. The taint of commercialism had not touched the gang. For them it was all art for art; that is, the art of killing.

### *His First Criticism*

To say that Hek was proud to serve the members of the Calomel Club but faintly expresses his mental condition. He will never forget that Spring night when he wrote his first concert criticism and handed it to Philkins for correction. He saw old Philly start, flush, and then blush. Hek sat on pins and needles, with a potential buzz-saw in the background. Philkins smiled and handed the criticism to the solemn critical conclave then in session over a freshly tapped bottle. One by one they read. Jetsam was the last and when he had finished he remarked in a surly tone: "Not so rotten for a youngster." The next morning the stuff appeared in "The Daily Kazoo" and Hek perused it with mingled pride and pain. There was much he censured, but as the august body had passed on it

why should he, a humble beginner, presume to be hypercritical? It was the criticism of an ordinary concert and ran in this fashion: "Perhaps the management of the Lon Tarini Concert Co. labors under the delusion that our city is New York. No, good people, it is not; New York is further east, and is built on a mud swamp. The company calls itself Lon Tafari and perhaps it is; 'concert' it is not. 'Disconcerting' we should say. Signorina Lon Tarini hasn't merely lungs, she has a bellows concealed about her ponderous person with which she assiduously pumps the breezes into her 'fortes.' This lends to her tone a torrid, tornado-like quality that lifts the roof; also the hair on the scalps of her auditors. She is no longer young, and never was pretty. Her father (or grandfather?), Signor Andrea Lon Tarini, had better shovel sand against the tide rather than bellow. He is altogether too strong of wind and limb to be anything but a sprinter. If he discounted his breath five yards in a hundred yard dash his breath would beat him, he nurtures it so carefully on garlic and cognac. The pianist, Ercola Lon Tarini, must have begun life as a blacksmith. His touch is forge-ful and his cantabile sooty. He could break out from any jail in the land by simply using his fingers as picklocks. The violinist, whose name we cannot recall, was quite intoxicated, but he played very well, considering. The harpist had forgotten to wire her instrument so she had to indulge in phantom pizzicati. The Lon Tarini Company will re-appear this evening at the Garden before several heads, crowned with baldness, and a large contingent of cultured waiters."

### *The Grand Test*

The fact that Hek had been blackballed at the Calomel Club did not prevent him from enjoying its privileges. He paid no dues, naturally, yet went there every night. He was a handy man to have around the house. If Philkins, or Flotsam, or Aronstein, or Jetsam wanted to "loaf and invite their souls" they simply summoned Hek and he looked after the job. He was a rapid writer. Furthermore, if any of the art or dramatic critics called on him he was at their service. As he knew nothing he could write about everything. And he wrote with an unblushing and versatile freedom for which he was openly envied by his superiors. One afternoon as he sat in the bow window of the club sipping an absinthe cocktail and staring at the pretty-girls passing on the Avenue (Second) Slumpkins said to him: "Deah boy, do me a favor." "Certainly," responded Hek, "what is it?" "I want you to write up the Patenia Concert to-night for me. Make it spicy and give the Brahms numbers particular fits." Hek had never liked Slumpkins since the day he called Hek "a hose," but he assented. Slumpkins thanked him effusively and ordered a second absinthe frappée. Hek drank it. As he admired the delicious mother-of-pearl nuance in his glass, a clap on the shoulder shattered his reverie. It was the heavy hand of the pugnacious dramatic critic, Kaustic.

"How do old man," said he. "Quite well," answered Hek. "Can you do me a favor? To-night 'A Mad Marriage, or the Curse of Shanghai' is to open at the Criterion. Do it for me, old chap. Half column. Don't say no! I've just ordered you a fresh

(Continued on page 21)



## Our Perplexity Column

By Stephen Leacock

### Instantaneous Answers to all Questions

(All questions written out legibly with the name and address of the sender and accompanied by one dollar, will be answered immediately and without charge.)

Harvard Student asks:

Can you tell me the date at which, or on which, Oliver Cromwell's father died?

Answer. No, I can't.



Student of Mathematics asks:

Will you kindly settle a matter involving a wager between myself and a friend? A. bet B. that a pedestrian in walking downhill over a given space and alternately stepping with either foot, covers more ground than a man coasting over the same road on a bicycle. Which of us wins?

Answer. I don't understand the question, and I don't know which of you is A.

Chess-player asks:  
Is the Knight's gambit recognized now as a permissible opening in chess?

Answer. I don't play chess.



Reuben Boob asks:

For some time past I have been calling upon a young lady friend at her house evenings and going out with her to friends' nights. I should like to know if it would be all right to ask to take her alone with me to the theatre?

Answer. Certainly not. This column is very strict about these things. Not alone. Not for a moment. It is better taste to bring your father with you.



Auction asks:

In playing bridge please tell me whether the third or the second player ought to discard from weakness on a long suit when trumps have been twice round and the lead is with dummy.

Answer. Certainly.



Lady of Society asks:

Can you tell me whether the widow of a marquis is entitled to go in to dinner before the eldest daughter of an earl?

Answer. Ha! ha! This is a thing we know — something that we do know. You put your foot in it when you asked us that. We have lived this sort of thing too long ever to make any error. The widow of a marquis, whom you should by rights call a marchioness dowager (but we overlook it — you meant no



harm) is entitled (in any hotel that we know or frequent) to go in to dinner whenever, and as often, as she likes. On a dining car the rule is the other way.

### The Song of Life

The world is still a song for me,  
A little sadder grown,  
Less of the lark in it, maybe,  
More of the undertone  
Of wind and sea;

The surge of time, the to-and-fro  
Of radiant restless things,  
Flowing along as rivers flow,  
Forever taking wings,  
Eager to go.

Yet no less sweet upon the tongue  
The words of the old tune,  
Though every May that comes along  
Is all too swiftly June—  
Still, still a song!

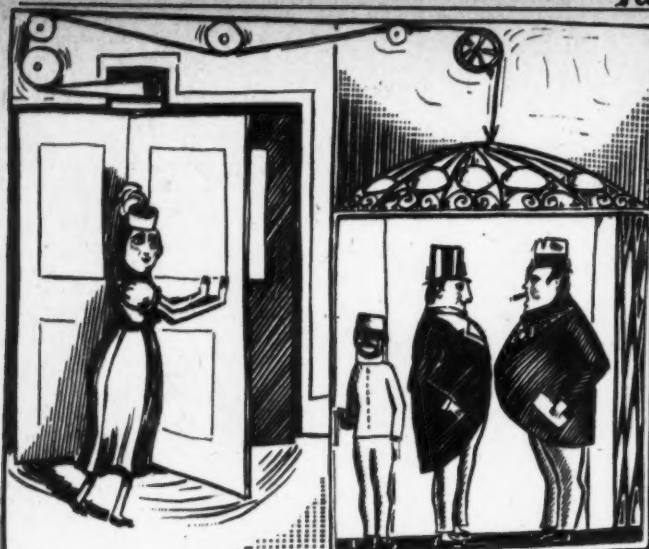
—Richard Le Gallienne.



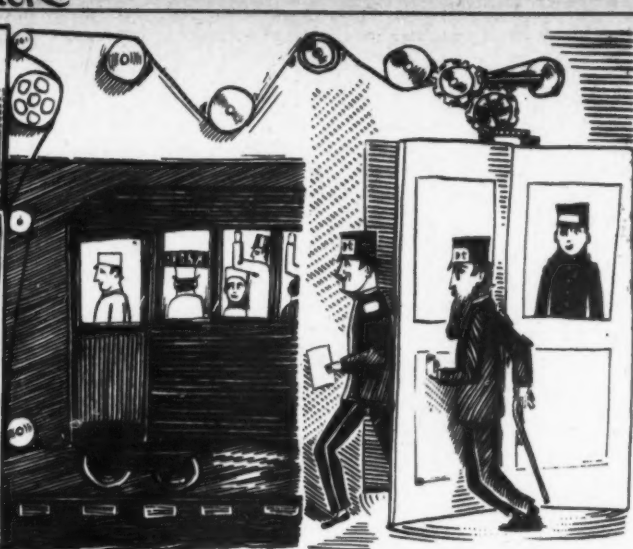
Drawn by R. Van Buren

MISTRESS: Above all things you must be reticent.

NEW MAID: Yes, but what is there to be reticent about?



Stenographers, by turning doors,  
Can send a lift to all the floors.



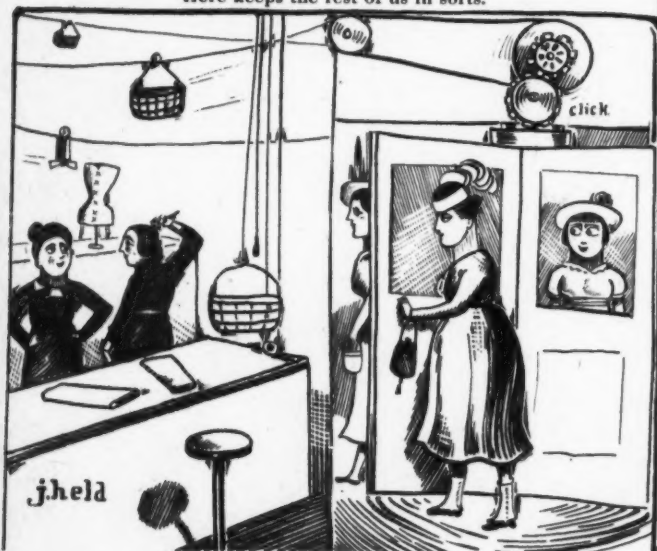
When message bearers start to run  
The subway cars will go like fun.



The summer rush to cool resorts  
Here keeps the rest of us in sorts.



The scrubbing women on their way  
Turn darkness to electric day.



The bargain hunter's nimble pace  
Compels the box of cash to race.



And children heavy safes may push  
By ringing round the rosy bush.

### UTILIZING THE POWER OF THE REVOLVING DOORS

A new invention offered by PUCK in the interest of efficiency in department stores and office buildings.



Drawn by Carl Sprinchorn

## In Hyde Park

Verses by George S. Hellman

### I

The battlefield's a dangerous place  
Where bombs explode and cannons roar,  
And all is smoke and din and gore,  
While men and horses charge apace.  
There is no rest in such wild place;  
Dawn breaks, night comes — all as before —  
But still the need for heart of grace,  
And courage more and ever more.

### II

Yet furlough brings a brief release —  
And wars twixt nations reach their end;  
Sword turns to plough-share, foe to friend,  
And cruel hardships find surcease.  
But Cupid — such is his caprice —  
Bids men and women still contend  
In perilous combat; nor will lend  
His signature to terms of peace.

### III

Have care, my soldier boys, have care  
Of woman's ways and woman's wiles:  
She leads you into dim defiles  
And binds your hearts within her hair;  
She is a general past compare;  
Her eyes dart fire, her tears are guiles;  
She has an arsenal of smiles:  
Of her deep stratagems beware!



## MR. WICK'S AUNT

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

THE Wick family had run the usual course of families for many, many years, and was quite old and respectable when causes, natural and extraordinary, none of them being pertinent to this statement, reduced said family to three members, viz:

MISS ANGELICA SUDBURY WICK, of the Boston branch of the family, who lived in the house of her guardian, old Jonas Thatcher, with whom we have no further concern, and who is therefore to be considered as turned down, although in his day he was a highly respected leather merchant. Miss Angelica Wick was fair and sweet and good up to the last requirement of young womanhood.

MR. WINKELMAN HEMPSTEAD WICK, of the Long Island branch of the family, a distant cousin of the young lady, and a young man of conscientious mind, an accountant by profession, and very nearly ready to buy out his employer.

MR. AARON BUSHWICK WICK, also of the Long Island branch of the family, the grand-uncle of young Winkelman, who had brought up the young man in his own house, and who loved him more than anything else in the world, until, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, he fell in love with, and married a lady named Louisa Nasmyth Pine, whom we will dismiss from consideration as we dismissed the old leather merchant, although she was a most estimable and attractive lady, and did fancy embroidery extremely well. Her only concern with this story is that she bore the elder Mr. Wick a baby, and died three or four months subsequently. But that was enough; plenty; as much as was necessary.

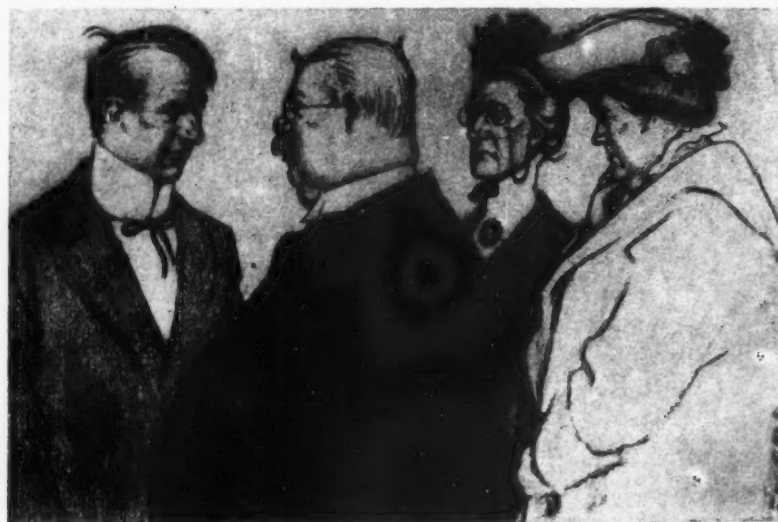
The way that marriage came about was this: old Mr. Wick wanted to see the Wick family perpetuated, but young Mr. Wick was one of those cautious, careful, particular men who get to be old bachelors before they know it. No girl whom he knew was quite exactly what he wanted. If she had been, she would have been too good for any man on earth. In fact, it took young Mr. Wick a number of years to realize that any way he could marry, he could only marry a human being like himself. In the meanwhile his grand-uncle grew impatient; and finally he said that if Winkelman didn't fix on a girl and get her to agree to marry him by the first of next January, he, Aaron Bushwick Wick, would marry somebody himself. Miss Louisa Nasmyth Pine, being then close on to forty, helped him to get under the line just in time to save his grand-nephew from engaging himself to an ill-tempered widow with five children—which is the kind of woman that those particular men generally pick up in the end. And it serves them right.

And so this marriage brought into existence the baby—BEATRICE BRIGHTON WICK.

Old Mr. Wick's endeavors to hand the name of Wick down to posterity were

crowned, as you see, with only partial success. He had a Wick, it was true, but it was a Wick that would be put out by marriage. He found himself obliged to fall back on young Winkelman, and he bethought himself of the distant cousin in Boston. He knew nothing of her, but he reasoned that if she were a Wick, she must be everything that was lovely and desirable; and so he said to his grand-nephew:

"Wink, you know that I am a man of my word. If you will go and marry that girl, and if the two of you will take care of that confounded baby, who is crying again,



*Decided something ought to be done about it*

while I put in three or four years in Europe till it gets to some sort of a rational age, I will buy your employer out, guarantee you what is necessary for you to live on in some healthy country place—no city air for that child, do you understand!—and when I die you'll be her guardian and have the usufruct of her estate and be residuary legatee and all that sort of thing."

Winkelman Wick knew that his grand-uncle was a man of his word, and that "all that sort of thing" meant a very, very comfortable sort of thing, for the old gentleman was rich and had liberal ideas, and drank more port than was good for him. He had no fancy for marrying a strange girl, but he thought there could be no harm in going out to Boston and taking a look at his, so far, distant cousin. Under pretense of wanting to write up the Wick genealogy, he went to Boston, and passed some time under Mr. Thatcher's hospitable roof. He found Angelica Wick all that his fancy might have painted her but hadn't; and, as Mr. Thatcher had six daughters of his own, all of them older than Angelica, and none so good-looking, he did not find any difficulty in inducing his pretty cousin to marry him—and she did not back out even when he sprung the baby contract on her. She said that she was a true woman

and that she would stand by him, but that she thought it might be a little awkward. Feminine intuition is a wonderful thing. When it is right, it is apt to be right.

The elder Mr. Wick was as good as his word,—only, as is often the case with people who pride themselves upon being as good as their word, he took his own word too seriously. He died of apoplexy shortly after landing at Liverpool. His will, however, was probated in New York. He had so drawn the document that Mr. and Mrs. Winkelman Wick could come into their inheritance only after carrying out their part of the contract, which was to take care of their aunt, baby Beatrice Brighton Wick, for the space of four years, during which Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick had intended, without consideration of the designs of Divine Providence, to sojourn in Europe.

This brings the situation exactly down to bed-rock. On the tenth of April, eighteen

hundred and tumty-tum, Mr. Winkelman Wick and Miss Angelica Wick were married in the old Wick house on Montague Street, Brooklyn. On the twenty-fifth of April Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick ended his journey across the Atlantic at the Port of Liverpool, England. On the twenty-seventh of April he started on that other journey for which your heirs pay your passage money—and he certainly was not happy in his starting place. On the twenty-eighth of the same month young Mr. and Mrs. Wick knew the terms of their grand-uncle's will; and on the thirtieth the old Wick mansion was in the hands of the trustees, and the young Wicks were in a hotel in charge of their baby-aunt, Beatrice, who was herself in charge of an aged Irishwoman, whose feet were decidedly more intelligent than her brain. That is one of the beauties of Ireland. You can get every variety of human being there from a cherub to a chimpanzee.

They were very comfortable in the hotel, and would have liked to stay there, but that awful contract had as many ways of making itself disagreeable as an octopus has. They had pledged themselves, with and for the benefit of the baby, to provide a suitable place in the country without unreasonable delay. Their lawyer informed them that reasonable delay meant three



weeks and not one day more. As their contract began on the tenth of April, they had, therefore, one day left to them to carry out this provision. Moreover, the contract, after defining the phrase "a suitable country place" in terms that would have fitted a selling advertisement of the Garden of Eden, went on to specify that no place should be considered suitable that was not at least forty miles from any city of twenty thousand inhabitants, or upward. When Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick wanted pure country air for a baby, he wanted it *pure*. If he could, he would probably have had it brought in sealed bottles.

Picking a place of residence for four long years is not an agreeable task under conditions such as these, especially to a young couple prematurely saddled with parental cares, and equipped with only twenty days of experience in the matrimonial state. They discussed the situation for hours on end. Mrs. Wick wept, and Mr. Wick contributed more profanity than is generally used by a green husband. They even asked the Irish nurse if she could not suggest some suitable place, and they stated the whole situation to her very clearly and carefully. She thought a while, and then suggested Ballymahon, County Longford, Ireland. However, indirectly, she assisted them to solve the problem. Mr. Wick told her to go to Jericho; and Mrs. Wick suddenly brightened up and said:

"Why, that's so, Winkelman!"



*Sat down on it in stern grandeur*

Mr. Wick stared in horror at his wife. Was the sweet young thing going crazy under the strain? But no; Mrs. Wick was looking as bright as a rose after an April shower, and she grew brighter and brighter as she stood thinking in silence, nodding her pretty head affirmatively, pursing her lips, and checking off the various stages of her thought with her finger tip on her cheek. Finally she said:

"And you could use the little room for a dressing room. Yes, dear, I'm quite certain it will do beautifully."

After a while Mr. Wick convinced his wife that he was not a mind-reader, and

then he got some information. Of course she did not stay convinced — no woman ever did. All women think that the mechanism of their thought is visible like a model in a glass case.

Mrs. Wick had forgotten that she herself owned a country house. This was more excusable than it seems on the face of it, for she had never seen the house, nor had she ever expected to see it. In fact, it was hardly to be called a house; it was only a sort of bungalow or pavilion which had once belonged to a club of sportsmen, and which her father had taken for a bad debt. It was situated in the village of Jericho, of which she knew nothing more than that her father had said that it was a good place for trout, and was accessible by several different railroads. Concerning the house itself she was better informed. She had had to copy the plans of its interior on many occasions when her guardian had made futile efforts to sell or to rent it. She also knew that the place was fully furnished, and that an old woman lived in it as caretaker, rent free, and liable to be dispossessed at any moment.

The nurse was told that they would go to Jericho with her. She only asked would the baby take her bottle now or wait till she got there?

Jericho Junction is one of those lonely and forsaken little stopping-places on the outskirts of the great woods that are the sportsman's paradise, with a dreary, brown-painted, pine box, just big enough for the ticket agent, the baggage master, the telegraph operator, the flagman, the local postmaster, and the casual or possible intending passenger. As this makes two persons in all, the structure is not large.

The casual passenger and the full corps of local railway officials were both present at Jericho Junction when the 6:30 P. M. train loomed out of the dreary, raw May twilight, and drew up in front of the little box. Now, these two occupants of the tiny station were neighbors but not friends. Farmer Byam Beebe lived "a piece back in the country, over, t'wards Ellenville South Farms." Mr. John D. Wilkins, station agent, telegraph operator, and all the rest of the functionaries of Jericho Junction, dwelt in his little box, midway between Ellenville South Farms and the nearest important town, Bunker's Mills, a considerable manufacturing settlement. A houseless stretch of ten miles separated the neighbors; but not even ten miles had stood between them and a grudge of many years' duration. Beebe hated Wilkins, and Wilkins hated Beebe.

Mr. Beebe so hated Mr. Wilkins that he made it a regular practice to stop at the station after his day's work was done, to wait for this particular train. Silent and unfriendly, he would loaf in the station for an hour and a half, and the station master dared not put him out, for he was possibly an intending passenger on the train as far as the next flag-station, which was a railroad crossing a mile and a quarter further on. Mr. Beebe never bought a ticket from Mr. Wilkins, on the occasions when he did ride. He paid his way on the



*Mr. Beebe never bought a ticket from Mr. Wilkins*

cars, five cents, plus ten cents rebate-check, and this rebate-check he redeemed at Mr. Wilkins's office the next day. Furthermore, he made a point of going out just before the train arrived, and waiting on the other side of it to get in, so that Mr. Wilkins could not tell whether he boarded the train or walked off through the thick woods that crowded down to the very edge of the line.

Thus it happened that as the train arrived on the evening of the first of May, Mr. Beebe, being on the farther side of the track from the railroad station, saw an Irish nurse blunder helplessly off the platform in front of him, holding a six months' old baby in her arms, and stand staring straight before her in evident bewilderment. Mr. Beebe accosted her in all kindness:

"Your folks got off the other side, I guess. This here ain't the right side for nobody, only me." Then he prodded the baby with a large and horny finger. "How old will that young 'un be?" he inquired.

"Six months, sorr," replied the nurse; "gahn on seven."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Beebe, with polite affectation of interest. "Folks been long married?"

"Wan month, sorr," replied the nurse.

"Which?" inquired Mr. Beebe.

"Wan month, sorr," replied the nurse.

On the other side of the train of cars, station agent John D. Wilkins saw an old-fashioned carryall drive up, conducted by an elderly woman of austere demeanor. She was dressed in black alpaca, and her look was stern and severe, and, necessarily, highly respectable. He saw a young man and a young woman descend from the train, and saw the young man hand the young woman into the carryall behind the elderly lady. Then, as the young man turned as though to look for some one following him, he heard the young woman say:

(Continued on page 23)



## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



### How It Is Done

A. J. S. Bettencourt of Langley road has hired the W. M. Mick farm of 48 acres on Dedham st and will grow milk there.

—*The Newton (Mass.) Town Crier.*

### The Man of Science

Doctor Wesselowski has had his parrot over thirty years and has always called him "he." Last week "he" layed four eggs.

—*The Jewell (Kan.) Republican.*

### Genius Knows its Limitations

Wanted To Rent — By quiet, unobtrusive couple, plebians, three connecting rooms (preferably downstairs), furnished house-keeping, except bedding and linen; private or convenient bath; near an owl car line; man works at night. Not ambitious socially; not interested in reasons for taking roomers, prominent relatives, illustrious ancestors, or neighbors' affairs.

—*Adv. in the Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial-Tribune.*

### We Do

If you want a fine looking, pure bred Jersey cow, giving three gallons of milk, bottled, see her at 1311 Locust st.

—*Adv. in the Muskogee (Okla.) Times-Democrat.*

### The Third Degree

On last Saturday evening as a crowd sat in the depot waiting for the Local to arrive, some of the employere of the Station had broken the Type writer and of course they all denied the breaking and at last they all begin accusing one individual, and almost made him beleave he had brook it and knew nothing about it until some one of the others had named it to him.

—*The Sesser (Ill.) Herald.*

### His Apprenticeship

Ralph Marble, who has been engaged at Cook's market for some time past, has resigned his position and has engaged with the Sidney House barber shop as an assistant. This is the shop in which Mr. Marble learned his trade and after which he conducted a shop for himself for a time.

—*The Sidney (N. Y.) Record.*

### The Simple Pleasures

Hy Jones' team ran away at Hunt Saturday, tickling all who saw them, but doing no damage.

—*The Clarksville (Ark.) Democrat.*

### Frankness

Eight years ago I took my first job working on Automobiles — polishing brass in a garage — since then I have tried everything from that to selling Autos. And still I don't know every thing about them. If you don't believe me — give me a trial the next time you have trouble.

H. B. Perkins, Farmdale.

—*Adv. in the Kinsman (O.) Courier.*

### Should Produce Harmony

A marriage license was issued yesterday to Taylor Horn, 21, of Prestonburg, Ky., and Elva Music, 18, of East Point, Kentucky.

—*The Ironton (O.) Irontonian.*

### Scrambled

"Mrs. Myra E. Evans, clairvoyant and impressional reader; also strictly fresh eggs."

—*Adv. in the Lowell (Mass.) Courier-Citizen.*

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to K. S., care of PUCK.

### He Will Be a Surgeon

G. M. Sickles, M. D., has leased from Mrs. Arnold the vacant lot adjoining his residence and will begin operations in the spring.

—*The Watkins (N. Y.) Review.*

### What Will Society Do Next?

Some of the Barnes people attended a "butt-in" dinner at Mrs. Harve Stanton's Friday.

—*The Ozark (Ark.) Spectator.*

### This Is Very Little

Well, sir, the writer has been so gosh ding busy this week trying to keep out of the water and mud, he hasn't had time to look for news, but every little helps.

—*The Gentry (Ark.) Journal.*

### Another Excuse

News is a little short this week, as I plowed all week, barefooted, and my feet were punctured so badly, I couldn't get around fast enough today to find any news.

—*The Russellville (Ark.) Courier-Democrat.*

### A Woman's Work

Wanted — A nice young man that can cook and wash dishes, milk the cow, and churn, and pick the geese and watch the speckled hen that she don't lay astray.

—*The Fulton (Ky.) Wireless.*

### Far From Broadway

Willie Jones who has been studying acting acted at the town hall Tuesday night.

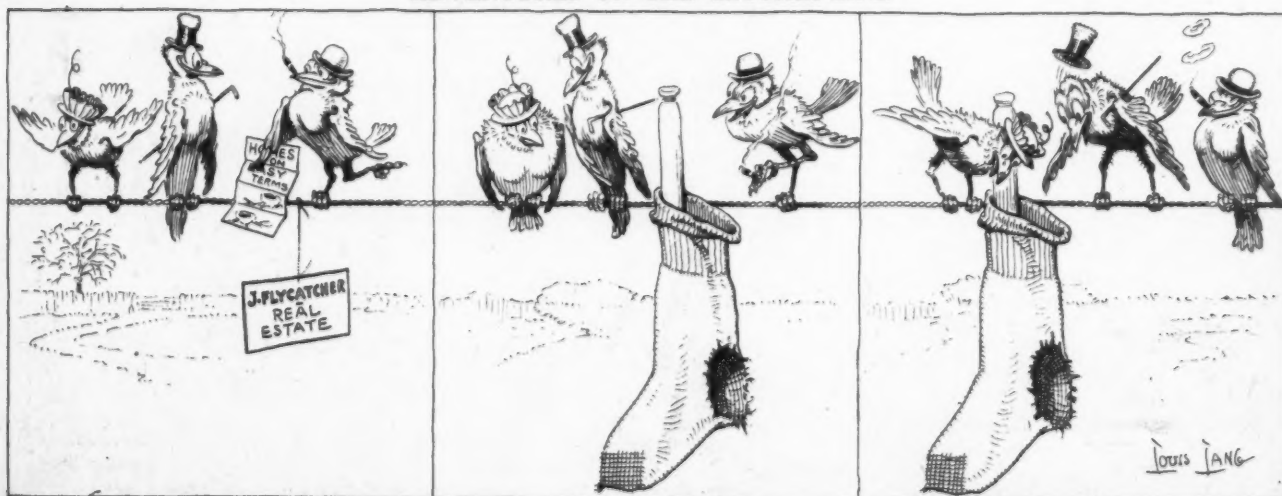
—*The Phillipsdale (Kan.) Observer.*

### A New Young Author?

The high school graduation exercises will consist of a play entitled "As you Like It," by Mr. Shakspere.

—*The Jeffersonville (Ind.) Citizen.*

## ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"Just step over and look at our new sub-division

with this elegant location for a nest —

It has southern exposure!"





Hiram (watching educational film)—“They say, Em’ly, we’re jest full o’ them terrible germ things!”

Emily—“Lord! Suppose they got out!”

### Doesn't Pay

Do you think politeness always pays?  
I do not. I got this black eye from being polite.

How so?

At the “Slugger” Smith—“Swatter” Jones prize-fight last night—I was there on a comp that “Slugger” gave me.

What of it?

He got knocked out cold in the third round and I, to be polite, went around and told him I enjoyed it very much.

INTERVIEWER: What is your wife's favorite dish?

HUSBAND OF FAMOUS MOVIE ACTRESS: In the magazines it is peachbloom fudge-cake with orangewisp salad but at home it is tripe and cabbage.

A Philadelphia man, during an absent-minded period, following the Saturday night celebration, got into the home of his former wife. The lady called the police and had the man arrested. This impressive incident shows the ready convenience of a divorce decree. Had the marriage contract still been in effect, she would have had to take his clothes off and put him to bed.

DuPont's Boom Blows Up. — *Head-line.*

Which is nothing new, strange or startling for things that bear the trade-mark of DuPont.



“Donnerwetter! Only yesterday I blew up two ammunition factories und a bridge—To-day I cannot blow up dis tire, alretty!”

# New England

## The VACATION LAND

### Mount Desert

on the Maine Coast  
An island of mountains, cliffs, lakes, woodlands, gardens, drives and paths.

Famous for its natural beauty, perfect situation and ideal social atmosphere.

Bar Harbor, Northeast, Southwest, Harbor, whose combination of mountains and sea give each its greatest charm.

Attractive hotels and cottages furnish the material comforts and luxury necessary to the enjoyment of a vacation.

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Send for booklet G

### Vacation Books

They make summer planning easy.

Rates, capacity and other dependable facts concerning the best hotels, boarding houses, and camps in over 1000 New England vacation resorts.

Including the White Mountains, the Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods, Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Cacao Bay, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert and the ocean coast of five states.

State region you prefer.

Send for booklet B

### The White Mountains of New Hampshire

The secret of White Mountain air is high altitude and the balm of spruce and pine. It restores tired nerves, gives you a new appetite, makes you over.

Thrilling mountain scenery, mile-high peaks, 100-mile views. Days of health and gladness, nights of wonderful sleep. Brilliant social life. Unsurpassed hotels, best of boarding houses at moderate rates.

10 hours from New York. Summer train schedule in effect June 30.

Send for booklet C



For booklets and information address:  
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275 Broadway, Room 110,  
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**SHE DANCES BOYS**  
This little lady goes through all the irresistible, charming, graceful MOTIONS of a modern RUSSIAN dancer. A new novelty and one sure to amuse your friends. Heavily gill-plated; can be worn as a charm. This is CLANSY. Price, by mail, 15c. Be the first in your town to have one. MARVEL SPEC. CO., Dept. 8 New Haven, Ct.

WHERE WISDOM IS BLISS  
there you will find a supply of

# Evans' Ale and Stout

The Ideal Beverages for Yacht, Cottage, Club and Camp

In Bottles and Spills. All Good Dealers. C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N.Y.

### WANTED - AN IDEA!

WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 166, Washington, D. C.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

**SUNNY BROOK**  
The PURE FOOD Whiskey  
As A Pleasant Beverage and A Pure, Wholesome Tonic It Has No Equal.





"Yes, I want an office boy but I can't pay more than two dollars a week."

"That's all right. Us future millionaires has to start in a small way."

### The Making of the Platform

(Curtain rises, disclosing Party Leaders seated about a table.)

CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen, we might as well get this platform business out of the way by lunch time. It's got to be done, because the people expect it. They never read it, but they like to know that it's there. Any high-principled generalities will do. The stenographer will take down suggestions. Do I hear a motion?

1ST PARTY LEADER: Well, of course we've got to start off with the old opening chorus about "the Progressive-Republicrat Party, assembled in national convention, declares its unchanging faith in government for the people, by the people and of the people"; that always goes well.

2ND PARTY LEADER: You certainly do think of the killingest things, George. That's a corker.

3RD P. L.: I would like to add a line which no popular platform should be without. The best part of it is that it means nothing in particular. I refer to the well-known saying, "We are opposed to special privilege and monopoly and are in favor of a reduction in the cost of living."

(General laughter and cries of "The boy's clever.")

4TH P. L.: Isn't there a line that goes something like "being in favor of a safe banking and sound currency system"? I know I've heard that somewhere. It's good stuff anyway. Let's put it in.

CHAIRMAN: We haven't touched on the Tariff yet. That always has to be in a platform. Any suggestions?

1ST P. L.: Wait a minute. Have the boy take the orders. I'll have French vichy. (Follows a round of party unity.)

2ND P. L.: Well, as a starter on the Tariff paragraph, how about leading off with the wheeze about "a tariff to develop the resources of the country and protect the interests of the working-man"?

3RD P. L.: Bully! That "working-man" stuff is great. Let's use it again later on. Why not let the tariff go at that? We might commit ourselves if we add anything more.

CHAIRMAN: Good idea! The polls are closed. We've got about a column and a half of newspaper type to fill yet. Come on now boys, something snappy!

5TH P. L.: Here's a good one: Rural Credits.

4TH P. L.: What do you mean, rural credits?

5TH P. L.: Aw, don't quibble. What do you think I am—an investigating committee that I should know what all these things mean. Ain't rural credits always been used? Ain't it a good line? Let well enough alone is my motto.

CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen, gentlemen! We must hurry. Rural credits is a very good suggestion. It has always been incorporated, along with the clause favoring the integrity of the civil service and the encouragement of the development of agriculture.

3RD P. L.: We can't let this go without (stops to laugh softly to himself) a section advocating legislation prohibiting (stops to laugh softly to the others) corporations (general laughter) from contributing (beating on the table and cries of "At a boy") to campaign funds. (Shrieks of laughter and one of the older leaders has to be helped out of the room.)

CHAIRMAN (recovering his breath): Of course, how stupid of us. Why, we'll be leaving out the merchant marine next.

6TH P. L.: I have been running over some of the old platforms of all the parties and have a little digest here which may save time. I move that we recommend in a lump: the conservation of our national resources, reclamation of arid lands, improvement and development of waterways and measures toward pure food and public health. Also an endorsement of the Monroe Doctrine.

5TH P. L.: I would like to add to this admirable list the one about a business administration.

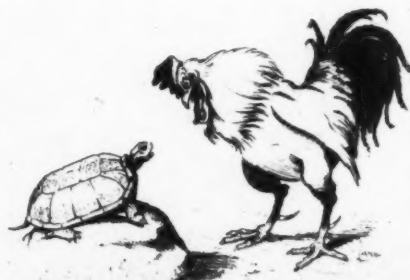
CHAIRMAN: All right, all right. Now just one thing more. Something to snap at the end. Something good and safe—and new. How about it?

1ST P. L.: I've got it. "We are unequivocally in favor of an adequate national defense and the strict maintenance of American honor, or, to coin a phrase—Preparedness!"

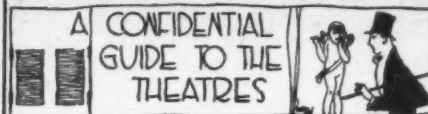
(Cries of "Yea bo" and "America First.")

CHAIRMAN: Well, Gentlemen, I guess that will be all. I'm sorry to have taken your time, but, as I said before, the people expect it and some editorial writer would be sure to miss it if we left it out. (To stenographer) Miss Brown, will you please put that into good English and see that the newspaper men get copies. Thank you. Now, gentlemen. Let's get down to work. (CURTAIN)

—Robert C. Benchley



"Aw, go on now, who believes you're fifty years old—you're not out of your shell yet!"



GAIETY Broadway, 46th St. Evenings 8.20  
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.20

## MRS. FISKE

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ERSTWHILE SUSAN

ASTOR BROADWAY & 46th STREET  
Evenings 8.10

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.10  
Cohan and Harris present

The Cohan Revue 1916

LONGACRE THEATRE West 46th St.  
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COHAN AND HARRIS PRESENT

LEO DITRICHSTEIN

IN HIS COMEDY SUCCESS

THE GREAT LOVER

HUDSON THEATRE Matinees Wed. and Saturday

The Successor to "Peg O' My Heart"

THE CINDERELLA MAN

EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER'S NEW ROMANTIC  
COMEDY WITH A NOTABLE CAST

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After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam  
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ZIEGFELD MEETING PLACE  
OF THE WORLD  
MIDNIGHT FROLIC

48th ST. THEATRE 48th St. East  
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Evenings 8.15 Matinee Thursdays & Saturdays 2.15  
Messrs. Shubert Present

JUST A WOMAN

By EUGENE WALTER

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IN NEW YORK

WINTER GARDEN ROBINSON CRUSOE JR  
with AL JOLSON

44th St. The Blue Paradise With  
LYRIC Cecile Loan

CASINO Katinka  
Very Good Eddie

SHUBERT Lew Fields

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Marie Tempest

### The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

drink." Kaustic was off before Hek could explain. But the other drink came and was quickly despatched. It was his third absinthe and he felt at ease with himself and the world.

A club servant handed him an envelope. He found two tickets and a request from his very dear colleague, Tynte, to "do" the opening of the Spring Acadenon this very afternoon and also to take a drink on Tynte at once. He ordered two absinthes and charged them to Tynte. Then he went home and thought profoundly. He soon fell asleep. He always did when he thought. He awoke. His clock registered eight o'clock. His brain was clear and he quickly mapped his campaign. He sent out for absinthe and wrote like a literary demon for an hour. Then he walked to a messenger office, sent off three letters to their respective destinations and took a taxi to the Calomel.

He drank a number of steins and the next day awoke feeling cross, confused, and wondering if Sunday came every day in the week. He ordered the morning papers and eagerly sought for his notices. In vain. Not a line could he find. Scared he went out and bought more papers, second and third editions, and scanned the musical, the dramatic, and the art departments. Not a word did he discover. He rushed down to the Club. Not a soul was there, except a dramatist who had been thrashed by Kaustic. He scowled at Hek, who in deep despair went away and visited various newspaper offices; but the day fence had gone home. In despair he drank a pot of tea at a slush home restaurant and returned to his house and to bed. He tried to remember how he had mixed matters. No, he had kept the three criticisms apart. Hek clenched his fists and was fast reaching the border of delirium when a messenger boy tapped at his door, and handed him a large envelope bearing the Calomel Club coat of arms—"An ox rampant on a five-dollar bill, Gules." He eagerly devoured its contents.

### Elected

"Calomel Club, April 1st.

Dear Sir: This is to notify you that you are elected a member of the Calomel Club, and that the payment of your first year's dues is abrogated by a certain clause in the constitution. You were put to the supreme test of a critic last night and nobly did you respond. It was a triple ordeal. You wrote a dramatic, an art, and a musical criticism in your own home without personally attending any of the three events. This proved your imagination, versatility and ingenuity. We welcome you with open arms into the guild of critics. You are one of us. The Board of Governors.

"P. S. Of course, you must understand that the performances never took place and that we had arranged matters at the newspaper offices. It was an innocent deception, a *pia fraud*, but it has made you forever *Gaudeamus igitur*."

Hek at once regained his native buoyancy. He is now press agent for the prohibition party. No more absinthe in his daily draughts; only briny water.



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## Night or Day, at Work or Play B.V.D. Conserves Your Comfort

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**A**T the gateway of the White Mountains. The Ideal Tour Hotel at Lake Sunapee. Fine golf course, saddle horses, tennis, boating, canoeing, bathing, fishing for salmon, trout and bass as good, if not the best, in New England. Dancing afternoon and evening. Fine motoring, etc. Furnished cottages to rent. Accommodates 300 guests. Write for circular.

Address W. W. BROWN, Granliden Hotel, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

Winter Season Hotels:

INDIAN RIVER and ROCKLEDGE, Rockledge, Florida





"Percy's in a fix!  
He can't pay alimony, and speed fines, too,  
and can't decide which to go to jail for!"

#### A Ghost from the Dim Past

Behold, the Blue Law! Long since supposed, through the spread of enlightenment and tolerance, to have passed to its great reward, it suddenly bobs up in Brooklyn and halts 10,000 men of the New York National Guard—because they chose to display their prowess on Sunday, the one day in the week when the great mass of voters might review their citizen soldiery.

Hoary old Blue Law, sole survival of the Salem witch-burnings, the ducking-stool and the stocks! No trumpet-blast may blow on the Sabbath, no mock battle rage, no panoply of military pride. Not while the alert J. Gardner Stevenson, of Brooklyn, survives to wave the tattered remnants of the ancient ultramarine screed.

Why fear invasion of foreign foe? Europe is setting her clocks ahead; why not go one better by declaring all our seven days Sundays, station Mr. Stevenson out on Montauk Point, armed with Section 2145 of the Penal Code, and let him warn the invader that the great Republic will have none of their marching and band-playing on the Sabbath.

Quite simple. No army needed. No navy. Nothing but a new calendar and an abiding reverence for the Puritanism of 300 years back.

"Father, what is meant by the artistic temperament?"

"The artistic temperament, my boy, is a sort of a reserve alibi which usually saves the artist from prosecution on a charge of disturbing the peace."

The warring nations are undecided whether to beat their swords into ploughshares or their enemies into insensibility.

One good way to keep a secret is to tell it to Charles E. Hughes.

## Budweiser— and Other Foods

There's food value in beer—as well as beverage enjoyment. A bottle of Budweiser may not be offered as a complete meal—but it has its place in the meal comparable to bread, milk or any other of the dishes or drinks that are part of the well-balanced lunch or dinner.

The alcohol in beer (a small percentage) has its tonic value and its use as an appetizer. The hops have a nerve-soothing value. The malt not only has food value, but is, of all foods, one of the most quickly and easily turned by digestion into nourishment. By its very nature beer is especially thirst-satisfying.

### Here are Two Little Charts

that show graphically and in figures comparisons between beer and other beverages and beer and other foods:

Comparative Nutritious Extract Content	Comparative Alcohol Content	
	Whisky	
	Rhine Wine	
	Beer	
	Milk	

Average Composition of	Bread	Milk	Beer	Rhine Wine	Whisky
Carbohydrates - - - -	52.0%	4.8%	5.0%	2.25%	none
Protein - - - - -	7.0%	3.5%	0.5%	none	none
Fat - - - - -	0.40%	3.7%	none	none	none
Mineral Substances - -	1.0%	0.7%	0.2%	0.2%	none
Alcohol by weight - -	none	none	3.75%	8.0%	40.0%

When you think of beer for your table, of course you'll settle on Budweiser. Bottled at the Brewery.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS



# Budweiser



The Serenade by B. Wennerberg

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This handsome reproduction of Wennerberg's celebrated "Serenade," in full color, on heavy proof paper, size 10 x 12 inches, will be sent absolutely without charge, to any reader of PUCK sending us \$1.00 for a Trial Subscription of three months (13 regular numbers). Simply pin a dollar bill to your letterhead, ask for "The Serenade," and you will receive both the picture and your first number of PUCK by return mail.

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
210 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

## Mr. Wick's Aunt

(Continued from page 17)

"Winkelman, dear, I don't care *what* her age is, you *must* spank your aunt!"

When Mr. John D. Wilkins heard what he heard, he forgot the rules of the railroad company, according to which he should have remained on the platform until the train had left. He knew that just at 6:30 his particular crony, Mr. Hiram Stalls, telegraph operator at Bunker's Mills, and news-gatherer for the Bunker's Mills *Daily Eagle*, went off duty in his telegraphic capacity, and became an unalloyed journalist. He caught Mr. Stalls in the act of saying good-night, and he talked to him over the wire in dot and dash thus:

"That you, Hi? Meet me at the station when the 7:21 gets in. I've got a news item for you that will make the *Eagle* scream this trip, sure."

If Mr. Wilkins had not been so zealous in breaking his employer's rules in the interest of personal journalism, he would have heard the young man thus enjoined to inflict humiliating punishment upon a parent's sister, respond to this cruel counsel in these words: "It will only make her cry more;—why, where the deuce is the brat, anyway?"

Moreover, he would have seen Mr. Beebe pilot an Irish nurse and a bundled-up baby around the rear of the train, and then jump on the platform as the cars started, with all the vigor and energy which the possession of a real mean story about a fellow human being can impart to the most aged and stiffened limbs. But he didn't. What would become of the gossip business if those engaged in it stopped to find things out?

Great is Mr. Way in Wayback, and great is Mr. Hay in Hayville; but what is Mr. Way in Hayville, and what is Mr. Hay in Wayback? Two nothings, two casual strangers, with no credit, with no say-so, two mere chunks of humanity whose value to the community is strictly proportionate to the size of their greenback wads, and the laxity or tenacity of their several grips thereon.

At nine o'clock that night two local Caesars, in two towns but a score of miles from each other, donned the ermine of power, waved the sceptre of authority, and told their pale-faced but devoted followers that "SOMETHING had got to be done about IT."

The "IT," of course, was an "OUTRAGE"—it always is when something has got to be done about it, and the something generally means just about nothing.

In the front parlor of his large mansard-roof residence, Mr. Bodger—Mr. Theophilus Scranton Bodger, prominent manufacturer, pillar of the Church, candidate for the mayoralty, and general all-around magnate and muldoon of Bunker's Mills, sat amid surroundings of much elegance, black walnut, gilt, plush and hand-painted tidies, and slapping a broad palm with a burly fist, told Mr. Stalls, Mr. Wilkins and Mrs. Bodger that something had got to be done about it.

(Continued on page 24)

## TEXTAN is not simply better—it is the sole

TEXTAN bears the guarantee-name of Goodrich because it *deserves* it.

TEXTAN ranks with all other Goodrich products.

Every Goodrich product has been more than a *development*—it has been a creation. Goodrich took the cyclist off of solid tires and set him "riding on air"

Goodrich created for the motorist the unrivalled *black tread* of the "barefoot tire."

Goodrich created "STRAIGHT-LINE" and "Hipress" rubber footwear.

Goodrich has now created THE sole in TEXTAN—the Goodrich sole.

TEXTAN will wear long, comfortably and perfectly.



"STRAIGHT—LINE"  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TEXTAN  
will not crack  
across the ball.



TEXTAN is waterproof and gritproof; TEXTAN is light in weight. TEXTAN is handsome; it gives the last touch of class to a shoe.

TEXTAN is made in all sizes and shapes for shoes for men women, youths, boys, girls and children.

Get the whole story. Write us—and when you buy shoes insist that they have TEXTAN—the Goodrich sole.

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**The B. F. Goodrich Company**

Akron, Ohio

Makers of the Celebrated Goodrich Automobile Tires—  
"Best in the Long Run"

## The uncommon senses —

Those that distinguish  
and appreciate the flavor  
and aroma of

## Club Cocktails

which note in every sip the  
old and rare liquors, the  
master hand of the blender,  
and—ageing in the wood  
which has completed a work  
well begun.

In all their varieties, Club  
Cocktails are a credit to  
your good taste and your  
hospitality.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**  
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Importers of the Famous  
**BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE**

## Long Island and Real Life

Enjoy the best  
relaxations summer  
affords.  
Plenty of good  
sport on clean,  
white, sandy  
beaches, cooled  
by a never  
failing ocean  
breeze.

Boating  
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Send ten cents to  
G. F. Heublein & Bro.,  
Hartford, Conn., for  
book showing  
actual pictures, and  
giving full information.



**PUCK PRINTS:** See page 2 for attractive suggestions for  
decorating the summer home or bungalow.



### Mr. Wick's Aunt

(Continued from page 23)

At the same moment, in the Sunday School room of the Baptist Church in Ellenville South Farms, Mr. Manfred Lusk Hackfeather, theological student, Sunday School superintendent, social leader and idol of the ladies in Ellenville South Farms, told six fluttering feminine things, who gazed at him in affectionate awe, that something had got to be done about it.

Mr. Bodger's business was making socks. Mr. Hackfeather may have been wearing a pair of socks of Mr. Bodger's make at that very instant, yet had he never heard of Bodger; nor did Mr. Bodger know that any part of his growing business was built up on the money of a man named Hackfeather.

To say that a party of Brooklyn people, conducted in an old-fashioned carryall, by an elderly woman of austere demeanor, entered the deep pine wood in a chilled twilight of early Spring certainly ought to convey an impression of gloom. And certainly gloom of the deepest enshrouded the beginning of that ride. Diligent inquiry elicited from the elderly woman that she was, as the Wicks supposed, Miss Hipsy, the care-taker; that she had received their telegram, or she wouldn't have been there nohow; that she had had a contract with the late owner of the premises; that she had lived up to it, whatever other people hed or hedn't done; that what she had done she would do, and that if she was not satisfactory to other parties, or if other parties was not satisfactory to her, which was most likely to be the case, she was willin', as far as she was concerned, to take herself off just as soon as she could.

Now this extremely discouraging way and manner of Miss Hipsy's was entirely general and impersonal, like dampness or a close smell in a long unused house.

They were all, except Miss Hipsy, beginning to nod off just a little when the wheels crunched on a driveway of white pebbles, and they looked up to see a spacious low building standing out black against the sky, except where a half a dozen brightly lit windows winked at them like friendly eyes.

This was the bungalow, and here they found a sportsman's supper of cold meat and ale awaiting them. Miss Hipsy told them, by way of leaving no doubt of the unfriendliness of her intentions, that this refection was provided for in the contract. So, also, must have been the deliciously soft beds in which they were presently all fast asleep, even to the baby. And when a traveling baby will sleep, anybody else can.

In the morning the elder Wicks opened their eyes on a world of wonderment and bewilderment. They found themselves living in a well-appointed and commodious clubhouse, on the banks of a broad and beautiful lake, across which other similar structures with pretty, low, peaked roofs looked at them in neighborly fashion from the other side. Mrs. Wick said that it was too nice for anything.

(Continued on page 25)



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## Mr. Wick's Aunt

(Continued from page 24)

Thanks to the contract, they made an excellent breakfast, and their praises of the fare mollified Miss Hipsy to some slight extent. Then they remembered the baby, and after some search they found the Irish nurse walking it up and down on a broad sunny terrace at the back of the house. Below stretched an old-fashioned garden, full of homely, pleasant flowers and simples just beginning to show their buds to the tempting month of May.

The scene was so pleasant that Mr. and Mrs. Wick started out for a walk, and the walk was so pleasant that they prolonged it,—prolonged it until they reached the settlement on the other side of the lake, and the people there were so pleasant that they stayed to dinner at a club, and did not get back till nearly supper-time.

But now we have to recount the fortunes of two social reformers, and it is hard for a reformer to keep straight on the record. Whether they have a genuine reform on their hands, like Martin Luther or the Abolitionists, or whether they are like Mr. Harold Kettledrum Monocle, of New York, who thinks that the Mayor of that city ought to be elected by Harvard College, they are all likely to have what one might call a mote-and-beam sort of time with their neighbors.

Thus did it happen with Mr. Bodger, of Bunker's Mills, and with Mr. Hackfeather, of Ellenville South Farms, who both found their way to Jericho Pond that pleasant afternoon, the theological student a little in advance of the business man. Mr. Hackfeather came to rebuke a shocking case of impropriety in two so young; Mr. Bodger came to express the sentiment of society at large toward a man who would inflict corporal chastisement on a lady.

Terrible as with an army with banners, and consumed with the fire of righteousness, Mr. Hackfeather bore down on the old-fashioned garden at the back of the bungalow, in the full glory of the Spring afternoon. He tackled Miss Hipsy (who had so far relented from her austerity as to take the baby while the nurse got dinner) in that old-fashioned garden; and the benign influences of budding nature had no effect whatever upon his pious wrath. He pointed out the discrepancy in the dates of the vital statistics of the Wick family, and he told Miss Hipsy that she was the servant of sin, (who had been a respectable woman for forty-three years, and if some as ought to know better said it was forty-seven there was no truth in it,) that she was the slave of iniquity and abettor of sin, (and if them she knowed of, one leastways, was alive to-day she would not be insulted,) that the demon vice should not rear its hideous head in that unpolluted community, (and she wasn't rarin' no heads, but she could go to them she knowed of as could rare their heads as high as him or any of his friends,) and that even if he, Mr. Hackfeather, had to face all the minions of Satan, and all the retinue of the Scarlet Woman, he would purify the stain or die in the attempt.

(Continued on page 26)



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### Mr. Wick's Aunt

(Continued from page 25)

Meanwhile, a thing she did not know of was happening on the other side of the house in that same old-fashioned garden. Mr. Bodger, accompanied by Mr. Stalls and Mr. Wilkins, had arrived from Bunker's Mills to interview the new arrival in the county, whose latitude in administering corporal punishment had aroused the indignation of every humane heart that had been made acquainted with the station master's story. Mr. Bodger saw the departure of the weeping woman of elderly aspect, he heard her wails, and he saw their cause in a strange young man. This was all the evidence that he wanted. Mr. Bodger made no inquiries into identity. He weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, he had three men behind him, and he fell upon Mr. Hackfeather as the cyclone falls upon the chicken-coop.

\* \* \* \* \*

The consequences of these two meetings were so far-reaching, extending to warrants of arrest, counter charges, civil suits and much civiler compromises, that it was July before the ladies of the Bodger and Hackfeather families picked up their threads of social intercourse, which were knotted only at one point. To both of them it occurred on a fine Summer's day to call on the new comers at the old bungalow by way of seeing whether the innocent causes of so much dire mischief knew anything about the agitation they had caused.

As the train from Bunker's Mills met the boat from Ellenville, Mr. Bodger's wife and Mr. Hackfeather's mother arrived at the same time, and, sitting in the sunny reception room of the bungalow, glared at each other in chilly and silent hostility, while poor, innocent little Mrs. Wick, much troubled by their strange behavior, tried to talk to both of them at once, and rattled away in her embarrassment until she had talked a great deal more than she had meant to. She told them all the story of Beatrice Brighton Wick, and the will, and the hurried flight to Jericho, and at their surprise at finding Jericho Pond with its Summer and Winter colony so delightful a place that they hardly felt as if they could tear themselves away from it when the four years were up. And she told them that both she and Mr. Wick had thought it might be quite awkward for so newly married a couple to be traveling with a six months' old baby, and that baby Mr. Wick's aunt.

"But, do you know," she said, "we must have been over-sensitive about it, for we never had the first least little bit of trouble. Indeed, the only mishap we had was the other way. The old woman who was in charge of the place here left us suddenly the first day without a word of warning. I couldn't make out why she was dissatisfied, but my nurse, Nora, told me that she thought that Miss Hipsy thought that the baby was too young. Some people have such an objection to young babies, you know. However, it didn't the least bit matter, for Nora turned out to be a very good cook, and I took the baby. I wanted to learn, you know."

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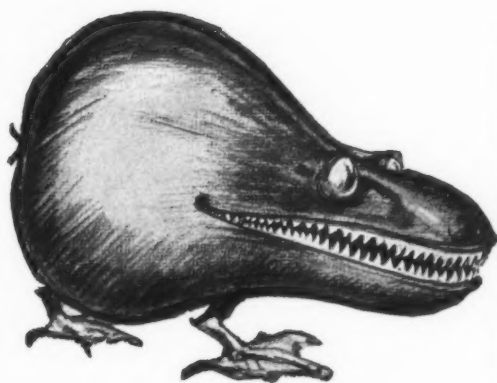






Puck

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